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America's Most Persecuted Minority

by Murray N. Rothbard

Quick: which is America's Most Persecuted Minority? No, you're wrong. (And it's not Big Business either: one of Ayn Rand's more ludicrous pronouncements.)

All right, consider this: Which group has been increasingly illegalized, shamed and denigrated first by the Establishment and then, following its lead, by society at large? Which group, far from coming *out* of the "closet," has been literally forced back *into* the closet after centuries of walking proudly in the public square? And which group has tragically internalized the value-system of its oppressors, so that they are deeply ashamed and guilty about practicing their rites and customs? Which group is so brow-beaten that it never thinks of defending itself, any attempt at which is publicly condemned and ridiculed? Which group is considered such sinners that the use of doctored statistics against them is considered legitimate means in a worthy cause?

I refer, of course, to that once proud race, tobacco-smokers, a group once revered and envied, but now there are none so poor as to do them reverence.

So low has this group sunk in the public esteem that, in rushing to their defense, I am obliged to point out that I myself am not and never have been a smoker. Can you imagine having to put in such a disclaimer against special pleading in behalf of the rights of blacks, Jews, or gays against oppression?

The crusade against smoking is only the currently most virulent example of one of the most malignant forces in American life: Left neo-Puritanism. Puritanism was famously defined by my favorite writer, H.L. Mencken, as "the haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be happy." The major problem with the Puritans is not so much that they were a dour lot, but that they were believers in the dangerous Christian heresy of "post-millennialism," that is, that it is man's responsibility to establish a thousand-year (give or take a few centuries) Kingdom of God on Earth as a precondition of

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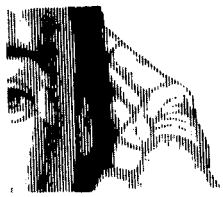

THE EAR

by Sarah Barton

Have you too been wondering exactly *how* the glamorous Betsy McCaughey was vaulted from nowhere to become George Pataki's running mate for New York lieutenant-governor in his race against Mario Cuomo? After all, being a left-liberal, phony "free-market" thinktanker can't get the job done by itself.

The *New York Post*'s gossiper Neal Travis discloses that Betsy's "rabbi," so to speak, was none other than the dwarfish, obnoxious, but extremely powerful Larry Tisch, principal owner of CBS. Larry "strongly pressed her claims" to be on the Republican ticket. This, of

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course, was after Pataki's control, Al D'Amato, told Pataki that he should pay close attention to whatever Tisch might have to say. The rest is history.

*****

Mirabella ran an unfavorable article on the socialite, New Age mystic, left-liberal wife of the millionaire Republican candidate for Senate in California, Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington (July.) Arianna, the story points out, is so hated by her former domestic help that they have printed up T-shirts proclaiming I QUIT THE BITCH. Arianna, however, balked at *Mirabella*'s expose of one of her servant practices; she called up Grace Mirabella and succeeded in getting her to kill the story.

The suppressed story? The legal but bizarre practice of Arianna's making a former cook buy the household food with her own money, then reimbursing the cook and declaring the reimbursement on the cook's W-2 form.

*****

We all know all too much about the political Odd Couple of Carville and Mary Matalin. A new, if lesser, Odd Couple has just been formed: the recently divorced Betsy McCaughey is "dating" Wilbur Ross, Jr., senior managing director of the investment firm of Rothschild, Inc. Ross is a member of Mario Cuomo's important reelection finance council.

*****

Shame on Ollie, said the *Wall Street Journal*, for mentioning Jim Miller's endorsement of a "pro-homosexual" candidate. Jimmy only did it, choked the neocon daily news, because the young man was Miller's "close friend and protege." Oh.

*****

There are many reasons for impeaching the Great Pants Dropper, but his rumored adultery with Barbra Streisand has to be near the top of the list. Bill invited Barbs to spend the night when Hillary was with her dying father. Then he asked her to sleep over while Hillary was in South Africa. Then when Hillary and the prez attended a Great Proboscis performance, she barely applauded. And who could blame her? Barbs was making eyes at Bill the whole evening, as he mugged and cheered. Then, after *muchas gracias* to Willy, Barby Whinette recognized the "late Virginia Kelley's daughter-in-law."

*****

Isn't there something funny about a U.S. drug company hiring a Canadian government-funded think tank to force Mexico into the U.S. pharmaceutical cartel? No more cheap prices, with Americans crossing the border to take advantage of them. No more freedom in drugs, with sick Americans able to get medicines the FDA hates. Yet it's why Canada's Fraser Institute got $3.145 million from the Lilly Endowment to establish the "Nafta Network."

*****

Ever wonder what happened to Bob Bauman, the ex-Congressman who paid small boys for sex? He's writing for a Beltway thinktank. Any guesses as to which one?

*****

The big enchiladas at a certain institute were in their usual tizzy over leaks. Then they discovered, in their monthly search of the phone records, that an employee had called one of the Rs.

The poor guy had only wanted to ask a policy question, not realizing this was like a Stalin staffer phoning John T. Flynn. The victim was grilled, denounced in a 10-minute hate, and fired.

*****

Columnist Doug Bandow, a leader of the Christian Lite, endorses swinger Doug Wilder over family man Ollie North. I didn't need another reason, but whomp, there it is. Go Ollie!

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the Second Advent of Jesus Christ. Since the Kingdom is by definition a perfect society free of sin, this means that it is the theological duty of believers to establish a sin-free society. But establishing a sin-free society, of course, means taking stern measures to get rid of sinners, which is where the rub comes in.

Now I recognize that in being obliged to depict the crusaders as neo-Puritans, I am in a deep sense not doing justice to the original Puritans. The original 17th century New England Puritans were not so much crusaders as people who wanted to establish their own sin-free Kingdom in their own new settlements, their own "city on a hill." The original Puritans, too, were Calvinists, who believed in Christianity and a Christian commonwealth as a strict code of Biblical and God-determined law. But over the years, the original Puritanism was replaced, especially by a wave of pietist revivalism in the late 1820s, by a far more crusading and hence menacing version of Protestant Christianity: what is technically known as "post-millennial evangelical pietism." [PMEP].

"Government is God's major instrument of salvation." After all, how are liquor or Catholics to be stamped out by persuasion alone?

This PMEP took particular root among the ethno-cultural descendants of the old Puritans, people who became known as "Yankees," and who had migrated from New England to populate such areas as upstate New York, northern and eastern Ohio, northern Indiana, and northern Illinois. (No, "Yankees," as in "damYankees," did not mean simply "Northerners.")

This new, and malignant, form of PMEP, of neo-Puritanism, which literally dominated all the mainstream Protestant churches in the North for literally one hundred years, had the following traits: (1) Creed, or liturgy, is formalistic and unimportant. So long as you are a Protestant, it doesn't matter what church you belong to. Churches don't matter; the only thing that matters is the individual's salvation. (2) To achieve salvation, the individual must believe and must be free from sin. (3) "Sin," however, is very broadly defined as virtually any practice that is enjoyable, in particular, anything which might "cloud your mind" so that you might not achieve salvation: in particular, liquor (Demon Rum); any activity on the Sabbath except praying, reading the Bible, and going to church; (and the Roman Catholic Church), the instrument of the AntiChrist in the Vatican. (4) Since each individual is weak and subject to temptation, his salvation must be aided by the government, whose theological duty it is to stamp out such occasions for sin as liquor, activity of any secular sort on the Sabbath, and the Catholic Church. As one historian aptly summed up the PMEP attitude toward the State: "Government is God's major instrument of salvation." After all, how are liquor or Catholics to be stamped out by persuasion alone? (5) (the crucial icing on the cake): *You* will not be saved unless you try your darndest to maximize everyone else's salvation (i.e. get the government to stamp out sin).

Armed with this five-point world-outlook, the neo-Puritan PMEP hurled himself (and *herself*, and how!) into a devilishly energetic, hopped-up, unrelenting crusade to stamp out these evils, and to set up paternalistic Big Government on the local, state, and national levels to crush sin and to usher in a perfect sin-less Kingdom. In politics, this meant a full century of crusading against liquor, and to keep the Sabbath Holy. (Do you know that in libertarian, anti-neo-Puritan Jacksonian America, the Post Office used to deliver the mail on Sundays?) But since it would be clearly unconstitutional to

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outlaw the Catholic Church, the PMEP substitute was to try to force all children into a network of public schools, the object of which was to inculate obedience to the State *and*, in the popular slogan of the day, to "Christianize the Catholic" kids, since Catholic adults were clearly doomed.

It took archetypical neo-Puritan Woodrow Wilson not only to bring Prohibition to America, and thereby fulfill the PMEP's most cherished dreams, but also to take PMEP crusading on to a world scale. For after the Kingdom was established in America, the next holy step was to bring about a world-wide Kingdom. (The Prohibitionist crusaders, however, soon found their dreams of a liquor-free Europe dashed beyond repair.)

The ethno-religious group that felt the most severe oppression from the fanatical harridans of the PMEP (for yes, the most fanatic crusaders were Yankee women (especially spinsters) were the German-American Catholics and High-Church Lutherans. Both of these groups imported into America the charming and admirable custom of going to church on Sundays with their family in their best finery, and then repairing to a beer garden in the afternoon, where they could drink beer and listen to their beloved oom-pah-pah bands. You can imagine the reaction when hordes of PMEP harridans descended upon them crying "Sin! Evil! Smash!" for committing what to the Germans was harmless, but what to the PMEPs was the grave *double sin* of drinking beer, *and on Sundays!* And, furthermore, both the Catholics and the German Lutherans wanted to bring up their kids in their own parochial schools, and not in the secularist (or rather, PMEP) public school system!

You can imagine the reaction when hordes of harridans descended upon them crying "Sin! Evil! Smash!"

The high-water mark of PMEP crusading was, of course, the outlawing of all liquor (and by constitutional amendment, no less!). The result used to be common knowledge in America; absolute disaster: tyranny, corruption, black markets, and *more* alcoholism as people went underground to get more intense "fixes" such as hard liquor rather than beer before the cops could close in. And, of course, organized crime, which was almost non-existent before Prohibition. But now, only groups willing to be criminals were available to supply a much desired and demanded product.

This grim lesson used to be known to all Americans, but it has been lost in the enthusiasm for recent neo-Puritan crusades; against drugs, and now against smoking. What is little realized is that the current emphasis on Health as the reason for the crusade was also present during the old PMEP war against liquor. As the decades wore on, the neo-Puritans used *both* theological and medicinal arguments; liquor will not only send you to Hell, but would also ruin your temporal body, your liver, your body-as-a-temple. Liquor would cause you to beat your wives, have more accidents, and, a little later, injure yourself and others on the road. Increasingly, over the years, the PMEPs married theology and Science in their crusade.

So what happened to the aggressively Christian features of neo-Puritanism, to the emphasis on salvation and on the Kingdom? Interestingly, over the decades, the Christian aspect gradually disappeared. After all, if *as a Christian activist,* your major focus is not on creed or liturgy but on using the government to shape everyone up and stamp out sin, eventually Christ fades out of the picture, and government remains. The picture of the Kingdom of God on Earth becomes secularized or atheized, and,

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in the Marxist version, the secular sin-free Kingdom is brought about by the terrible swift sword of the "saints" of the Communist Party. We have arrived at the grisly land of Left Puritanism, of a Left Kingdom which proposes to bring about a perfect world free of tobacco, inequality, greed, and hate-thoughts. We have arrived, in short, in the land of The Enemy.

And so, smokers! Are you mice or are you men? Smokers, rise up, be proud, throw off the guilt imposed on you by your oppressors! Stand tall, and smoke! Defend your rights! Do you *really* think that someone can get instant lung cancer by imbibing a bit of smoke from someone sitting twenty feet away in an outdoor arena? How do you explain the fact that millions of people have smoked all their lives without ill effect?

And remember, if today, they come for the smoker, tomorrow they will come for you. If today they grab your cigarette, tomorrow they will seize your junk food, your carbohydrates, your yummy but "empty" calories. And don't think that your liquor is safe either; neo-Prohibitionism has been long on the march, what with "sin taxes" (revealing term, isn't it?), outlawing of advertising, higher drinking ages, and the neo-Puritan harpies of MADD. Are you ready for the Left Nutritional Kingdom, with everyone forced to confine his food to yogurt and tofu and bean sprouts? Are you ready to be confined in a cage, to make sure that your diet is perfect, and that you get the prescribed Compulsory Exercise? All to be governed by a Hillary Clinton National Health Board?

Smokers, if you have the guts to form a Smokers Defense League, I will be happy to join a Non-Smokers Auxiliary! How about smokers as one important mass base for a right-wing populist counter-revolution? ■

Hunting the Christian Right

by M.N.R.

Watch out, Johnnie and Janie, the *Christians* are out to get you! There is nothing that gets liberal dander up so much as a "witch hunt." (Is that because there aren't any witches or because so many liberals are part of a coven?) And the big rap against Joe McCarthy and other anti-Communists in the old days was that they were engaged in a "witch hunt" (presumably because there *were* no Commies, although recent revelations by ex-KGB biggies tell a very different tale). But now the left-liberals in the media and among the Democrats are off on a new and bigger witch-hunt of their own: a *Christian* hunt!

(Readers over 40: did you *ever* think that, in America, a "Christian" would be an object of reproach, of shame, of pointing-the-finger?)

You see, the problem is that *Christians*—those sneaky devils!—are on the march; they're *taking over*, in particular, the Republican Party. And, once again, as they have done effectively so many times, left-liberals, who wouldn't be caught dead voting Republican, are rushing, dewy-eyed, to try to save the wonderful old GOP from those terrible, *extreme*, Christians.

The left-media hype approaches the Christian "invasion" or "takeover" in the vein of that grand old-science-fiction-horror movie, *The Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. (The Don Siegel-Kevin McCarthy original of the 1950s, not the later gory imitators.) Look! They *look like* people! They go to precinct meetings like people! They claim they're Republicans! But they're really, down-deep, *Christians*! They are "stealth candidates." They're taking over!

So what's wrong with these Christians, anyway? They're "extremists!" Oooh! On What? Well, they're single-issue types: they're *only* interested in abortion. Soon, it turned out patently that that wasn't true: for example, the Christian Right (for they indeed, are the Christians under attack) are also passionately interested in saving their children from multicultural, socialistic, condomaniacal, anti-Christian public schooling.

And so the anti-Christian Left retreated to another line of attack: they're "creation-

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ists"! They're interfering with the separation of church and state! They want voluntary prayer in the schools! But why is even discussing a Christian view in the schools a breach in this holy wall of "separation of church and State," while presenting all sorts of New Age propaganda, channeling, pantheistic mysticism, etc., is *not* a breach in such a wall? It is pretty clear that the only separation of religion from the public schools that left-liberals are interested in is from Christianity, not from religion in general.

The liberal media have spun an entire web of disinformation and lies around the Christian Right. First, there is the notion that there are two types of Republicans: the Christian right only interested in "social issues" (bad), and economic conservatives interested in safe issues like taxes and economic controls (good). Or, alternatively, that there are *three* types of Republicans: the Christian right (bad), the economic conservatives (so-so), and the "moderates" (wonderful), who are left-liberal on all issues, or who are willing to cave into the left everywhere.

All this is baloney. The Christian right might well have been inspired into activism by abortion or by the horrible state of the public schools, but by this time, as they have come to learn the nature of the Enemy, they have become "conservatives" on all issues, anti-tax and pro-free market as well as cultural rightists. Recently some of the media Left have tried to take this glaringly obvious fact into account. Note the "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" way they're going about it: "they're *pretending* to be economic conservatives too, but they're really still only social conservatives." Come again?

Hey, I think I see the liberals' problem: they're believers in the "conspiracy theory of history"!

And then of course there is the Orwellian rewriting of history: blaming the disastrous Bush defeat on Pat Buchanan's and Pat Robertson's speeches at the Houston convention. Ooh, they were so "negative," so "hate-filled." Even little Danny Quayle, in his recent apologia, has bought into this nonsense. Actually, the Bush campaign went up in the polls after the Buchanan and Robertson speeches; the campaign fell again later as Bush fumbled everything, took no stand, and failed to be "negative" on any important issue. Hence, the collapse.

No denunciation of Christians or the Christian right would be complete without the good old canard of "anti-Semitism," and sure enough, leave it to the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith [ADL], which has been peddling this nonsense for half a century, to step up to the plate. But this time, in its booklet smearing "The Religious Right," the ADL has gone much too far, and its hatred of Christianity, now out of the "closet" so to speak, is bound to cause a powerful backlash. For the ADL now takes after Pat Robertson and the Christian Coalition, probably the most prominent group on the Christian right. But how in the world can the ADL smear Robertson as "anti-Semitic" when he and his group have been slavish supporters of Israel, largely on pre-millennialist religious grounds? Dropping its automatic Seal of Approval for pro-Zionists, in the interest of a greater cause, the ADL attacks Robertson because one of his major assistants is a Jewish convert to Christianity! Aha! The agenda revealed! For is it indeed "anti-Semitic" for a Jew to convert to Christianity, or for Christians to place him in a position of responsibility? Similarly, the ADL attacks the prominent evangelical minister Louis Sheldon, because his mother was an Orthodox Jewess. If the ADL is indeed taking the position that for a Jew to convert to Christianity is "anti-Semitic," it should proclaim such an absurd position loud and clear: because no one, except a few Jewish religious fanatics, is going to go along with such an argument.

The ADL, in its booklet, goes on to condemn a number of Jews for endorsing and allying themselves with the Christian Right, making it, at least to some extent, a Christian + Jewish religious Right. Long-time conservative syndicated columnist Don Feder

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is attacked for supporting the Christian Right, and Orthodox Rabbi Daniel Lapin, head of an interesting new Seattle-based group, Toward Tradition, is denounced by the ADL for being "too strident." So, are these nonconverted Jews also to be considered "anti-Semitic" because they praise the Christian Right? To such a depth has the ADL sunk, a depth that is so idiotic as to lose it all credibility. And that couldn't happen to a more deserving organization.

In taking on Rabbi Lapin, by the way, the ADL has gone up against a formidable figure. Tough, bright, savvy, and libertarian, Rabbi Lapin is an impressive person who should be better known on the conservative scene. One of Rabbi Lapin's central organizing principles is defense of the Christian Right, and to form a new kind of "Christian-Jewish" dialogue on rightist principles.

We have learned to defend ourselves from the Democrats and from the biased and destructive liberal media; we must now learn to guard against the worst foes, the traitors from within Republican ranks. It was the French Marechal Villars who is supposed to have said: "Defend me from my friends; I can defend myself from my enemies." And so the worst enemies of the Right are those Republican left-liberals (so-called "moderates") who stab in the back, who refuse to accept the results of fair political contests within the Republican party. Thus, in late June the Iowa Republican party invited various possible Republican presidential candidates to speak at a fund-raising dinner, and then took a straw poll of the 1350 delegates. The important point is not the inconclusive very early poll, but two speeches which viciously attacked the Christian Right, echoing the absurd attacks by the media and the Democrats. One was by left-liberal former New Jersey Governor Tom Kean; another, and particularly reprehensible, was by Pennsylvanian Arlen Specter, who has compiled one of the most left-wing voting records among Republicans in the Senate. Specter denounced the Christian Right "takeover" in the Texas party by stating that "it was wrong philosophically because it violated the basic American principle of separation of church and state." Look, being tough on Anita Hill is about the only conservative deed ever performed by Specter; one good deed in a lifetime of liberal hackery is scarcely enough.

I'll say it only once more: it does not violate the "separation of church and state" for Christians to get involved in politics, or to take political stands.

I'll say it only once more: it does *not* violate the "separation of church and state" for Christians to get involved in politics, or to take political stands. Or even for Christian ministers or priests to do so. For people who use this absurd argument, this point should be thrown into their face: All right, are you prepared to repudiate all the political activities of the Rev. "Dr." Martin Luther King? Or of all the other black ministers? Are you prepared to condemn Catholic Bishops when they agitated for "civil rights" legislation? And if not, why not? And if not, please inter this idiotic argument once and for all. The blatant hypocrisy of left-liberals on this entire matter is a stench unto one's nostrils. They must not be allowed to get away with this intellectual fraud.

The "Big Tent"

During the month of June, the Christian right allegedly took over the Republican Party in three important states: Virginia, Texas, and Minnesota. We shall examine these states in turn. But first, let us consider the Republican Party and the "Big Tent." To the extent that the Republican Party is the vehicle for the right-wing populist counter-revolution (and let us assume for the moment that it is), then,

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the right-wing task is two-fold: one, to battle *within* the Republican Party to control that party and to name its candidates and write its platform; and two, to support loyally whoever wins within the Republican party against the evil Democracy in the general election. In this view, the Republican Party is indeed a "big tent" in that we welcome all votes against the Democracy, and also a "big tent" in that we are willing to support whoever wins within the party in November. But it is in no sense a "Big Tent" in which we are supposed to abandon fighting for our principles and for those who will represent them within the party. In short, we battle to control the party and its platform, as much as possible to mould that party into the vehicle of counter-revolution, of returning to the Old Republic; but we support whoever wins against the Democrats. I don't know why this should be so difficult a strategy to understand or explain; indeed, this has always been the basic strategy of most ideological groups within either party.

So evidently proper is this strategy, in fact, that we can only consider the hysterical attacks on the "religious right" for being "narrow," for employing "litmus tests," etc. as wilful misrepresentations of the Christian right's strategy by its enemies: media, Democrats, and leftist Republicans. Indeed, it is instructive to compare Pat Buchanan's strategies during his run for the presidency in 1991-92 to the traitorous course of the Official Cons and neoconservatives. First, Pat ran as the voice of the conservative opposition against the crumbling Bush presidency in the primaries; during that period, all of Pat's enemies, liberals, Official Cons, and neocons, denounced Pat for treason to the Republican administration and betrayal of President Bush. Then, after Pat's loss in the primaries and the convention, he took what used to be considered the normal strategic course (such as we are advocating here), and came out whole-heartedly in favor of Bush's reelection; for consider the alternative! But then, the very same neocons and Official Cons who had denounced Pat for betrayal, *themselves* stabbed President Bush in the back at every opportunity, some openly jumping the fence to side with the "New Democrat" Clinton [only "new" if new means "worse"], and others doing their best to undercut and sabotage the Bush campaign from within. Which strategy was more honorable? Or more defensible in the long run?

Ollie North repelled the hysterical attacks from the entire Republican Establishment, from Ronald Reagan on down.

Virginia

Let us now take the three Christian takeover states in turn. Virginia, of course, was the most famous, as Ollie North repelled the hysterical attacks of the entire Republican Establishment, from Ronald Reagan on down, and won a smashing victory among the mass of activist delegates at the Republican convention. The media and the Establishment, down to the wire, claimed that the Establishment candidate, Jim Miller, might well win; the polls had North ahead by 53-47 percent; and the liberals slyly pointed out that the ballot would be *secret*, so that Miller might win—implying, of course, that many delegates pledged to North could vote their conscience free of intimidation by Christian night-riders. In the actual event, however, reality once again showed up liberal lies: for the final count was a smashing 55 to 45 percent victory for North, even *more* than the polls had estimated.

How did the Republican opposition react to the North victory? Did they loyally get behind Ollie once the votes were taken, as the Christian right loyally got behind such non-Christian-rightists as

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Paul Coverdell in Georgia and Kay Bailey Hutchison in Texas propelling them into the Senate? To give them their due, most of the Republican Establishment did the right thing, and came loyally to Ollie's support: including Jim Miller, Governor Allen, Dick Cheney, Haley Barbour, Phil Gramm, Bill Bennett, and *Jack Kemp* (although Kemp waffled on *Minnesota*).

But not Bob Dole. High-tax Bob, Mr. "Compromise" (i.e. surrender to Democratic schemes). Off attending D-Day celebrations in Europe, Dole was out of town and out of touch. He was off together with the evil, prune-faced, traitorous, left-liberal Virginia Republican Senator John Warner. Warner, who did not bother attending his own state party's convention, had led the vicious attack on North; he had already made it clear that he would bolt the ticket and sponsor an independent candidate for governor this year: former State Attorney-General J. Marshall Coleman. After the convention, then, Dole made public noises about possibly bolting North and endorsing the Coleman race. Well, everything hit the fan, and Republican biggies as well as people all over the country informed Dole in no uncertain terms that, if he persisted, he could kiss the presidential nomination goodbye in 1996. It took him almost a week, but Dole finally came around to support North. But it's a good bet that this flirtation with Coleman has put the kibash on a Dole for President race in '96. And high time, too; do we need to nominate one of the few Republicans almost guaranteed to lose to Clinton in '96?

And talk about losers: the highly-touted J. Marshall Coleman is precisely that. The bland, colorless Coleman is a three-time loser; twice he ran for governor of Virginia, and once for lieutenant-governor, and every time he lost. Write him off, even in a tangled four-way race.

As for Warner, he comes up for re-election in '96, and it is absolutely vital that he be punished and retired to private life. Anyone but Warner! In addition to having a voting record almost as leftish as Specter, traitors must be disposed of, and fast. Warner, by the way, liked to take the High Moral Ground on Ollie and say that he lied to Congress. Ooh, unforgivable! But Warner is a two-time traitor, because he also sabotaged the heroic Mike Farris, who was on the Republican ticket for Lieutenant-Governor last year. Farris, a young attorney of sterling integrity, never lied to anyone; but *he* was openly sabotaged by Warner because Farris is an "extremist," and of the "religious right" to boot. Farris's "extremism" is the fact that he is one of the national leaders of one of the most hopeful, inspiring, and yes—*libertarian*—movements in America today: the home schooling movement. America is groaning under a massive, rotten, oppressive, socialistic, multicultural, aggressively degenerate institution: the public school system. There are many excellent ideas among the Christian right on doing something about the public schools, to roll them back, to restrict their horror, but the most consistent, most radical, and best plan is to dump them altogether, and the best way to dump them is through home schooling. There is talk that Farris might run against the monster Warner in '96, and it would be poetic justice for Farris to take his place in the U.S. Senate.

Warner, by the way, is a millionaire country club Republican, who only got elected in the first place during the year or two he was Mr. Elizabeth Taylor.

There will be a four-way race in Virginia, because Democrat Governor L. Douglas Wilder is running as an independent, in order to destroy his mortal intra-party enemy, Senator Chuck Robb, who is running for reelection. Robb, like Clinton a phony "New Democrat" who is simply a left-liberal, has severe morals problems with babes and coke reminiscent of Slick Willie himself. Wilder should get the black votes, and in the melee, the chances for Ollie to enter the U.S. Senate look very good indeed.

Texas

In Texas, too, there is a lot of liberal wailing and gnashing of teeth at the "takeover" by

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the religious right. The big fight was over state chair. A liberal lady from Houston, and Congressman Joe Barton, backed by the Gramm-Hutchison establishment, were overwhelmed by the religious right candidate, Tom Pauken, who was backed by Pat Robertson and the Christian Coalition.

However, from friends in Texas, I find that, once again, the idea of religious fanatics or theocrats taking over the Republican party is a typical liberal smear. Actually, Pauken, a Catholic and a former Reagan Administration official, is an upstanding person who made open overtures to libertarians within the Texas Republican party. Indeed, Pauken's anti-gun control assistant is a man who co-founded the Texas Libertarian party over twenty years ago. What distinguishes the Paukenites is that they are anti-Establishment populists; they embody a new wave in the Republican party, of conservatives-and-libertarians, of paleos if you will, rising up to challenge the quasi-sellout, country-club Republican establishment. Again, Phil Gramm, who is nothing if not shrewd, quickly absorbed his loss and praised Pauken and his new populist movement.

The Texas Republican Party is, at this point, a "Big Tent" coalition. Rightists have to support George W. Bush for governor in the interests of dumping the horrid, wisecracking, whiskey-soaked Ann Richards from the gubernatorial post. But the Texas party machinery is now in good hands.

Minnesota

I have the most personal knowledge of the situation in Minnesota, a classically left-wing state where the Christian right victory in the Republican party has been attacked almost as much as Ollie North's in Virginia. For decades, ever since the Harold Stassen-Luther Youngdahl tradition got established, Minnesota Republicans have been nearly as left-wing as the notoriously leftist Minnesota Democracy. (It wasn't always that way. During the 1940s and 50s, Minnesota's magnificently Old Right Congressman Harold Knutson was the outstanding opponent of high taxes in the Congress.) For the past four years, by a fluke, Minnesota has been stuck with a left-wing Republican governor, Arne Carlson, whom *Human Events* has properly characterized as a "Ted Kennedy Republican." It's not just that Carlson is leftish on social or moral issues; he's also high-tax, high-control, high-spend. The conservative rebellion within the Republican Party is led by Allen Quist, a farmer and former state legislator. In mid-June, at the Republican state convention, Quist accomplished the feat of crushing a sitting Republican governor, by a vote of 69 to 31 percent. Unfortunately, the two will have to face off in a September primary, but the convention endorsement should give Quist a hefty boost for the primary battle.

I was enormously impressed by the devotion to principle, the intelligence, and the organizational savvy, of the Minnesota YR leaders.

I was invited to give the keynote address to the Minnesota Young Republican convention two weeks before the state party meeting. I was enormously impressed by the devotion to principle, the intelligence, and the organizational savvy, of the Minnesota YR leaders, who were a driving force in the Quist campaign. Of the 200 or so people who turned out for my after-dinner talk, all the top conservative candidates were there, from Quist on down to several conservative possibles for U.S. Senate (won at the convention by Congressman Rod Grams), and conservative candidates for Congress and other posts. Several of the leading Minnesota YR cadres are enthusiastic RRR subscribers (always a

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great sign), and knowledgeable paleos.

I was slated to speak on the Clinton Health Plan, and was urged by the organizers to hold nothing back. That was the only encouragement I needed! I gave a slam-bang address, holding nothing back in escalating from the health problem to call for a right-wing populist counter-revolution against the Menshevik social democratic elite who have foisted their evil socialist program on America. I denounced the typical Republican program of consolidating previous socialistic gains, and called for a roll-back to Take Back America. I was delighted to find that no one gasped in horror; everyone loved it, and cheered for more.

Perhaps the single point I made that drew most fervent support was to say that the real problem in America is not the so-called "religious right" or "Christian right"; the real problem is the monstrous *religious left*: the collectivist, egalitarian, condomaniacal, communalist New Age-"Christian" Left: it is this Left that has virtually taken over the country and the culture, and must be rolled back!

The Christian Right

The Christian right is doing very well, and is on the march in the Republican party. Hence, the torrent of abuse and smear, from media, Democrats, and traitorous Republican "moderates." It is important for Christians not to wilt under the abuse. It is high time for Christians to stop being shamefaced. Christians should come out of the "closet," and proclaim, "we are out and we are proud!" They have the principles, they are becoming all-round conservatives and libertarians, and they are acquiring the necessary organizational and political savvy. And they should no longer allow their enemies to "define" them, to say that they must not carry religious or moral principles into the political arena, or that they must confine themselves to "conserving," but never take the offensive to return to the old American Republic. Christians should have the courage to be "right" *and* to be "radical," and if the combination is "radical right," let the radical left, or "radical wrong," try to make the most of it.

Christians must also refuse to let their enemies set their agenda. The left is already saying that it is terribly wrong to use such terms as "evil" in relation to one's enemies. No, no, say they, we should only use terms like "cost-ineffective" or "too rapid." Well, too bad, because there is only one way to fully portray the socialistic, degenerate program that the Clintonians are trying to foist upon America. And that word is "evil." What other word can best sum up Slick Willie, and "St. Hillary," Doc Joycelyn and the rest of that scurvy crew? ■

An American Spy in Washington

The Love the Stars Move

by Joseph Sobran

It's usually sad when someone famous dies, and it doesn't help that the mourners can be so embarrassing—especially when they're insincere. Surely not everyone under 30 was devastated when the rock star Curt Cobain (whom I'd barely heard of until his death) shot his own head off. And much as I liked Jackie Bouvier Kennedy Onassis, especially by contrast with the incumbent First Lady, the journalistic obsequies were a bit much.

Now that she's been safely planted here in Arlington, maybe we can indulge in a little candor. Let's face it. Jackie was one of America's all-time top female climbers. "The closest thing this country has to royalty," we were told, over and over again, the week of her death. I'd say she was the closest thing this country had to a royal courtesan. With her tastefully epicurean style, she had a way of convincing others that she was classy. (Which, in America, admittedly isn't too hard.) And she made a lot of money at it. She rose from newspaper fotog to very rich Senator's wife to First Lady. She was one of the appurtenances that helped give the Kennedys, a hoodlum clan, the aura of class. Prematurely widowed, she married, in spite of her Catholicism, an

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ugly little billionaire, who was divorced; she spent her last ten years shacked up with an ugly little multimillionaire who wasn't (he continued crossing Central Park to visit his wife several times a week even during his long cohabitation with Jackie).

Her marriage to Aristotle Onassis shocked the world; her amour with Maurice Tempelsman was barely reported until she died, and even then the scandal of it was played down. Jackie did just as she pleased, and got away with it. Not only did the Catholic Church refrain from castigating her as a public sinner; her married lover was allowed to speak at her Catholic funeral—a breach of propriety that would have shocked the Borgias.

How people grovelled for her! And such was her charm that they grovelled without being asked, even when she was dead.

To see the impact of a big-time courtesan on a small-time courtier, you have to read Bill Buckley's fawning obit in *National Review*. Veneration and presumption are comically blended in his recollection of his relations with Jackie: "In the years ahead, we became moderate friends, and once during a fire drill at Doubleday I shared a concrete stair with her for the duration. Our contacts were infrequent, and I rather liked that about her." Yes indeed. If he has to fall back on a chance meeting at a fire drill for reminiscence, one can well believe that "our contacts were infrequent." He recounts one other contact with her, a phone chat in which she nixed his request for a brief TV appearance, and that seems to exhaust the chronicles of Jackie and Bill. He then proceeds to rhapsodic eulogy, written in the style that has been called Late Buckley:

"It seems on reflection, that her life, for all its vicissitudes, was about as perfectly conducted as anyone with her beauty, skills, and glamor could hope to manage. She did what she wanted to do. If her second marriage was emotionally impulsive, it was strategically prudent. Books could be written (probably have been written) on the skills she showed in bringing up her two exemplary children in that magnetic field she moved in. She worked not as a dilettante but as a truly engaged editor, an average of three days every week. She exhibited only as much of herself as she thought she owed as reciprocity to a country that loved her and was fascinated by her."

Now of all these sentences, only the second is not bad. It is even true: no question, Jackie did what she wanted to do. The rest of the paragraph is to good sense and syntax what Idi Amin was to justice and mercy. The first sentence, verbosity aside, suggests confusingly that "beauty, skills, and glamor" are *impediments* to managing one's life virtually "perfectly." The third sentence is also hard to penetrate: far from being "emotionally impulsive," Jackie was rumored to have wangled $3 million from Onassis in prenuptial bargaining. That's a little less romantic than a midnight elopement. The fourth sentence is more hyperbolic slop, with an odd repetition of the word "skills." The fifth implies that devoting three days a week to the job of editing requires Herculean energy, which should answer a lot of questions about *National Review*. The sixth shows how much prolixity can be packed into 25 words or less.

What's wrong with the whole thing, though, is its ghastly snobbery. It's not just that it's untrue; it's that nobody could possibly *mean* these things, because they themselves don't mean anything. Bill got very indignant last year when I quoted him as telling me that I didn't need "those people," meaning working-class Irish Catholics. But here we see the same kind of snobbery looking upward at what it adores rather than downward at what it condemns.

Bill isn't content to praise Jackie in measured terms; he seems to aim at excess, like Malenkov toasting Stalin and turning in his wife in the bargain. This isn't just social climbing; it is social *mountaineering*, and the strain shows. Jackie would be embarrassed, because the intended effect is so obviously not to say anything interesting or accurate or illuminating about her, but

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to claim association with her, if only in a stairway. And she'd be embarrassed for another reason: because Bill does so awkwardly what she did so subtly. She didn't get where she got by crude name-dropping. The best climbers keep their composure and dignity, and regard naked displays of ambition as hopelessly vulgar.

He ends his obit with the weirdest sentence of all: "And she was true to her Christian faith, which in the final ceremony irradiated Jackie's class, a creature of God."

Bill does so awkwardly what she did so subtly. She didn't get where she got by crude name-dropping.

I can only follow that one to the first comma, after which I'm lost. I dimly sense a conflation of "class" and "God," probably apprehensible only by the truly classy. Bill seems to have forgotten that though it's desirable to say rosaries *for* Jackie, they should not be addressed *to* her.

But we don't usually say that a woman who lives with another woman's husband is being "true to her Christian faith." Last year Bill jeered that Muslim men and women get together socially only "when they copulate"—a slur so gross that even Mort Zuckerman's *Daily News* excised it from the column it appeared in. Think of the fun he could have with Jackie's love life!

But that would never do. After all, Jackie, unlike the ruck of Moslems and even Catholics, is not one of "those people." So Bill, cataloging her perfections, intimates that she was, on top of all her other virtues, a model Christian. Has anyone so totally mistaken celebrity for salvation? For what Bill is trying to communicate here, with Jackie as his Beatrice, is the beatific vision of a snob. This is not the love that moves the stars, but the love the stars move. ■

The Legacy of Karl Hess

by Justin Raimondo

The death of Karl Hess, in April of this year, was the occasion for eulogies from both sides of the political spectrum: *The New Republic* and *National Review* ran obits, as did most of the small-circulation libertarian fanzines. In reading through them, one is struck by the echo-chamber effect. In spite of the ideological diversity of the commentators, all share certain common themes. Aside from the usual panegyrics, a variety of writers from virtually all points of the spectrum were unanimously agreed on three points.

The first is the infinite superiority of the soft-edged, neo-hippieish New Age brand of left-libertarianism, of which Hess was the living symbol, to the "elaborate, icily logical libertarian systems," as Charles Murray put it in *National Review* (May 30, 1994). Over at the *New Republic*, John Judis trotted out the same line, praising Hess for not being "a classic libertarian," but instead one who "believed in the visible hand of the craftsman, not in the invisible hand of the market" (May 30, 1994).

Elsewhere in his essay, speaking of the death of Russell Kirk, Judis reports the contention of historian George Nash that Kirk "felt closer to socialist Norman Thomas than to anarcho-capitalist Murray Rothbard." And this is the second shared theme of the obit writers, the consensus of the left-libertarian fanzine writers as well as the glossies: hatred of Murray N. Rothbard.

Although the *National Review* piece does not mention Rothbard by name, the meaning of the reference to "icy, elaborate systems" is clear enough. Writing in his fanzine, R. W. Bradford has the ultimate gall to blame

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Rothbard for Hess's quixotic and misguided decision to become a tax resister. According to Bradford, "at the suggestion of Rothbard" Hess wrote the IRS a letter declaring his refusal to pay taxes. As his source for this bit of disinformation, Bradford cites none other than Charles Murray:

> When Karl mentioned to his friend Charles Murray that he had refused to pay taxes at Rothbard's suggestion, Charles asked the natural question: "Karl, if this is such a great idea, why didn't Murray do it himself?" Karl just burst into laughter," Charles recalls, "and he laughed and laughed and laughed and he said, 'I'd never thought of that.' The funny part was the way he laughed."

There are two things wrong with this story: 1) Rothbard has always opposed tax resistance as utopian and counterproductive, and has *never* endorsed it, in private or in print, and 2) Hess's alleged naivete just doesn't ring true. "I'd never thought of that"—oh, really? This phony simplemindedness, a pose wherein Hess became a kind of left-libertarian Eric Hoffer, was never all that believable. In his book, the autobiographical *Dear America* (New York: William Morrow, 1975), he affects not to have known what was in store for him after he notified the IRS of his decision to resist.

But Hess was no bumpkin; he had been a working journalist, a speechwriter for Barry Goldwater, an early associate of the American Enterprise Institute, and a suit in the corporate world before he threw it all over for a plaid flannel shirt and an old pair of jeans. His comment to the effect that his act of resistance "has had large repercussions in ways I could not imagine when the resistance began" is a bit too wide-eyed. The truth is, he knew the score, or should have. According to his own account, he did it out of pure loathing for the IRS officials he came in contact with during an audit.

In *Dear America*, he describes the moment he decided to become a tax resister: Several things about such a moment. It comes, like anger, quickly and without much warning. It usually reflects your general disposition and not any particularly exact need of that disposition. It is not, in short, a utilitarian anger, it is simply an anger....

Without making any extravagant claims for the practice, I can only say that I chose, face-to-face with these prime agents of the state, to tell them "No" (p.91).

In other words, he did it on impulse, not just for ideological reasons but "because I got mad" (p.91). It was the spirit of the times: follow your feelings, do your own thing, let it all hang out.

Hess fails to mention Rothbard's alleged Svengali-like influence for the very good reason that Rothbard had no such influence over him in this or in any other matter. Yet this story is being repeated by those who claim to hold the legacy of Karl Hess in high esteem, and laud his memory to the skies as a veritable paragon of individualism. But they cannot have it both ways: either Hess was a malleable sort who didn't know what he was doing and was easily brainwashed, or else he was a noble individualist and a great mind, who followed his own truth in his own way.

To anyone who followed the course of Karl's career, there can be no doubt about one thing: he was his own man. Describing Hess's turn toward the counterculture, John Judis briskly sums it up by saying: "He gave up journalism and speechwriting for welding and became a bearded middle-aged hippie." But in fact his rejection of bourgeois culture went much deeper than that; he hated what he called "commercial society," which he denounces in *Dear America*, and decided that he would only engage in barter and strictly cash transactions.

Hess and his radical left-libertarian cohorts held that allegiance to libertarianism as a political ideology was not enough: one had to "live liberty." This meant rejecting not only State authority, but moral authority, and all social conventions. At a time when everyone was tuning in, turning on, and dropping out, this

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was not exactly an original position to take, but certainly it was popular.

Like so many libertarians in those days, Hess went through a short-lived Randian phase, when he published his famous article, "The Death of Politics" in *Playboy*. He then read "Confessions of a Right-Wing Liberal," an article by Murray Rothbard that appeared in *Ramparts* magazine, in which Rothbard explained the anti-interventionist history of the Old Right, and called for a New Left-Old Right alliance against the Vietnam war.

The result was that Rothbard and Hess engaged in a correspondence, and soon the latter announced that he was a libertarian. All went along rather nicely, at first: Rothbard abandoned his old journal, *Left and Right*, to edit the more frequently published *Libertarian Forum*, for which Hess wrote a column, "Letter From Washington."

The growing visibility of libertarianism filled the leaders of the movement with confidence. It was time, they decided, to hold a conference. The first national libertarian conference, held at the Hotel Diplomat over the 1969 Columbus Day holiday, was a disaster. By this time, Hess and his comrades of the libertarian Far Left were not interested in learned discussions of foreign policy, the history of libertarian opposition to war, or the problem of developing a strategy for intervening in the anti-war movement. Clad in the Viet Cong-Mountain Man hippie garb popular at the time, Hess and his thuggish minions were not interested in discussions of *any* kind. What they wanted was *action*.

Jerome Tuccille's hilarious description of Hess's role at that convention, in *It Usually Begins With Ayn Rand* (New York: Stein & Day, 1971) captures the spirit of the man and the times:

> Now an apparition in olive-green battle fatigues materialized in the corridor, surrounded by a personal entourage of sartorial imitators....
>
> "It's him. He's arrived," a voice called out.
>
> "Who's arrived?"
>
> "The Field Marshal of the Revolution."
>
> ...There he was, the funkiest looking revolutionary in fifty states, with a wardrobe fresh off the rack of Abercrombie & Fitch. Combat boots laced to the top with rawhide strips...khaki shirt opened to the third button so his chest hairs stuck out...and, [the] *piece de resistance*, a green Fidel Castro fatigue cap with a black and red Wobbly button pinned over the peak. All in all, an easy two hundred clams' worth of proletarian garb" (pp. 117-18).

That night, Tuccille recounts, the Field Marshal of the Revolution "poured forth a message to match his attire: Strike! Assault! Direct action against the state!":

> "Which side of the barricades will you be on when the chips are down?" Hess asked hard-eyed from the podium, menacing the profit-mavens and other right-wing libertarians in the audience. He had perfected a way of asking questions so that they sounded like threats. "There is no neutral ground in a revolution," Hess continued in his best *Cause That Will Triumph* manner. "You're either on one side of the barricade or the other" (p.121).

Addressing his fellow ultra-leftists, like Fidel exhorting his revolutionary regiments into battle, Hess urged the conference to abandon all this empty talk and launch an assault on nearby Fort Dix. Why talk about it, why not just *do it*! We have to "live liberty," guys, and that means putting our lives on the line. A good third of the conference participants marched out of the hotel and into the streets, whooping and chanting, with Karl Hess leading the parade. Thus left-libertarianism was born.

The split with Rothbard left Hess free to indulge his cultural and political leftism to the limit. It wasn't long before he was praising Maoist China as the possible seedbed of a New Left anarchism. In looking for the origins of libertarianism on the left, in the writings of Proudhon and the anarcho-syndicalists, he

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wrote in *Dear America*:

> A bit further along the left line there might be some agreement or at least sympathy with this left-libertarianism but, it would be said, there are practical and immediate reasons for putting off that sort of liberty. People just aren't quite ready for it. Roughly, that is the position of the Communist Party today—except in China, where there still seems to be insistence that people *are* ready for it (p. 14).

He also lionized Fidel Castro, praising the Cuban guerrilla leader's "ongoing exhortation that the leaders of the revolution have got to get out and *do* things, and not just draw up blueprints" (p.20). While attacking "Stalinism," Hess had high hopes for Cuban Communism:

> As communists, working toward their own local self-sufficiency, developing skills, husbanding resources for their own use and not for foreign profiteering, educating children to think for themselves and not to think as corporate employees...as Cubans doing these things for themselves, they should face a better future, even though a harder-working one, than as the totally dependent labor pool of American corporate ambitions (p.43).

Dear America is Hess at the furthermost left fringe of the libertarian movement, which is where he remained for the rest of his life. In his right-wing incarnation, he had been, like so many of his brethren, an emotional anti-Communist, with economics as secondary, an afterthought only vaguely articulated. In his leftwing incarnation, it was easy for him to forget what little economics he knew, and embrace the emotional and cultural leftism of Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). There he allied with the anti-Leninist (or "Weatherman") faction of SDS in common opposition to the official Communist parties as well as Cold War liberalism.

In embracing the leftist counter-culture, Hess rejected all commercialism and "hierarchical institutions" as inherently exploitive.

In embracing the leftist counterculture, Hess rejected all commercialism and "hierarchical institutions" as inherently exploitive: trade is okay, but only if it is barter, and only if it does not extend beyond the boundaries of the neighborhood. Let any entrepreneur look beyond this rather limited horizon, and he becomes a corporate capitalist, a hated exploiter.

And of course, like the rest of his (small-c) commie friends in the New Left, Hess opposed the profit motive as morally evil, a stance vividly dramatized the day Karl took a friend to a collectively-run grocery co-op in Washington, D.C. It was a store that truly reflected the moral and cultural ethos of the baby-boom generation that came of age in the Sixties: there were no price tags on the items, you had to bag everything yourself, and the clerks were incompetent ideologues. "Look, isn't this wonderful," exclaimed Hess. "There's no profit!"

Hess's vision of neighborhoods achieving economic as well as political autonomy was implemented in his plan to make the Adams-Morgan ghetto into a model left-libertarian community. The idea was that, if only Hess could get the ghetto masses off Big Macs and Coca-Cola long enough to introduce them to the joys of neighborhood-generated foodstuffs, the community could become self-sufficient and Karl's autarchic communitarian vision realized.

To show the way forward, Hess determined to set up an urban trout farm: it could all be done indoors, he explained, under glass, as long

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as water circulated through the tanks at low temperatures. And so the elements of this utopian experiment were assembled: an old warehouse in the Adams-Morgan district, the tanks, the trout. All was going swimmingly, until one day The System came down on him—the electrical system, that is. The D.C. area had been plagued with blackouts, and after this one the odor of thousands of dead fish wafted through the streets of Adams-Morgan, effectively ending Hess's revolution-in-embryo. Typically, he learned nothing from this fiasco, blaming the trout farm's failure to his dependence on the evil utilities. Next time, Hess declared, he would generate his *own* electricity!

In *Dear America*, Hess claimed to have been involved with the Black Panther Party, and while distancing himself from the violent wing, foresaw "an enduring role for them to play in the development of a new political sovereignty and a new participatory democracy in America" (p.155). Except for the obscure rantings of the "postlibertarians" in *Critical Review*, there is nothing in all of libertarian literature quite like Hess's attempt to reconcile libertarianism with the thought of Karl Marx (pp.156-67).

He remained alienated from the mainstream of the libertarian movement long after the New Left sputtered and died out, and kept his distance from the Libertarian Party. After a stint in the ill-fated People's Party—where he served as Secretary of Education in a "shadow cabinet" headed up by the party's presidential candidate, Dr. Benjamin Spock—he dropped out of the political scene and retired to West Virginia. It wasn't until his survivalist newsletter, *Survival Tomorrow*, failed to go over that he suddenly attached himself to the LP.

In 1986, just as the LP was beginning to degenerate into the left-libertarian sect it is today, Hess was made editor of the *Libertarian Party News*. As an example of the tone and direction of that publication under his editorship, the news that a Mormon polygamist had declared himself a Libertarian and gotten elected Mayor of the tiny town of Big Water, Utah, was trumpeted as a great victory for the party and the future of liberty. There was no idea too wacko, too utopian, or too unrelated to the problem of how to build an effective political party, that Hess did not find room for in the pages of the *LP News*.

We are told by Charles Murray that Hess "became a libertarian folk hero in the 1960s when he declared that he would pay no federal taxes, and then again in the 1970s when he moved to West Virginia to live by barter." The message here is that libertarianism is the doctrine of impractical dreamers, who may have a good idea or two but are definitely not to be taken all that seriously. (Mr. Murray makes up for this implied slight by comparing Hess to none other than Thomas Jefferson.) Here is the third unifying theme of Hess's obits; both Judis and Charles Murray remark on the quixotic, and ultimately impractical (but lovable) character of Hess's ideas.

Describing Hess's 1992 run for governor of West Virginia on the Libertarian ticket, Judis ruefully notes that the would-be candidate "couldn't gather enough signatures to get on the ballot." Charles Murray remarks that Hess "came to laugh at himself" for defying the IRS, and believing that he could live by barter, but "I wouldn't say that he regretted either decision. Karl was not given to regretting." In the end we are left with the image of Karl Hess as a left-libertarian Don Quixote, who, in Charles Murray's phrase, "seemed determined not to rethink his apostasy."

Those Hess left behind in the libertarian movement seem equally determined not to rethink or regret anything. The current triumph of left-libertarianism in the LP, with the nomination of "shock-jock" Howard Stern for Governor of New York—and the coming merger with the New Age "Natural Law Party"—is proof enough of that.

The course of Karl Hess's ideological development exemplifies the great tragedy of the modern libertarian movement. When Hess linked up with Rothbard in the Sixties,

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he apparently did not bother to familiarize himself with back issues of Rothbard's journal, *Left and Right*.

If he had, he would have discovered Garet Garrett's *Rise of Empire*, which Rothbard reprinted in full and with an informative introduction; he would have discovered that it was not the New Left but the Old Right that had originated the first consistent critique of the American Empire and the corporate state.

If he had bothered to listen to the panels and speeches at that fateful conference, instead of marching off to storm Fort Dix, Hess might have discovered the lost legacy of his intellectual heritage, the anti-interventionist and anti-statist tradition of the Old Right. Perhaps then he might have centered himself, kept his intellectual bearings, and looked to John T. Flynn instead of Fidel Castro as a cultural and political icon.

Hess abandoned the central precept of libertarianism, private property rights, when he joined the New Left back in the Sixties, and never really returned to it. While his position seemed to evolve, in a sense he never really came back to the movement he renounced for SDS and the Black Panthers. He never disavowed the hostility to the free market revealed in *Dear America*. Even as he drew closer to the Libertarian Party near the end of his career, he did not stray very far from the utopian syndicalism of his SDS days. But his real loyalty was to the counterculture: for Karl Hess, the Sixties never really ended.

That the party of Howard Stern is lionizing Hess as a libertarian hero is perfectly understandable, but what is motivating the Establishment media? After totally ignoring him for the last thirty years, suddenly Hess is a Wise Man, *their* kind of libertarian. This is more than mere panegyrics: there is a not-so-hidden political agenda at work here.

Defining the narrow limits of respectable opinion—which runs the gamut from the left-neocon *New Republic* to the right-neocon *National Review*—both magazines fear and despise the rising Hard Right populism that culminated around the Buchanan for President campaign.

The Buchanan campaign, and to a lesser extent the Perot phenomenon, defined the twin elements of the new movement's appeal, a combination of both populist and libertarian themes. Splitting these elements would stop the movement dead in its tracks. One way of engineering a split would be to substitute a placebo for one of the key elements, a phony left-libertarianism far too exotic to be compatible with populism of any sort. Since hatred of populism is more than half of what being a neocon is all about, the strategy here is to construct a substitute libertarianism, a left-libertarian golem. This is the real meaning of the movement to canonize Karl Hess.

The strategy is to construct a left-libertarian golem. This is the real meaning of the movement to canonize Karl Hess.

The success of this campaign is reflected in the depressing fact that, today, the word *libertarian* has come to mean cultural and political leftism. Politically, this means support for gay rights, Bill Weld, minority "empowerment," and the idea that there is no social problem in existence which can't be fixed by enterprise zones. On the cultural front, it means sex, drugs, and rock-&-roll, a trend perfectly symbolized by Howard Stern.

The title of the piece by John Judis, which depicts Hess as one of "Three Wise Men," compresses the evolving myth of Karl Hess into a single powerful image: that of the benign and bearded prophet whose personal warmth and sheer goodness melted down the terribly "icy" and "crystalline" logic of libertarianism into an acceptably

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tepid mush, a vague doctrine of Love, Community, and Cosmic Consciousness. Cut off from its own history, without the anchor of the Old Right tradition, the organized libertarian movement of the nineties is taking its cues from the culture, and slowly disappearing into the leftist morass—and *that* is the legacy of Karl Hess. ■

Illusions of Charity and Trade

by Llewellyn H.Rockwell, Jr.

Government flacks never tell the truth about proposed legislation. On everything from welfare to trade, the fib is the order of the day. That's why every seasoned observer of the central state knows he has to read the actual bill.

The Clinton administration, for example, promises to move people from welfare to work. Most Americans support this, since no one should live off the taxed earnings of someone else. It's time for the host to reject the parasite.

Turns out, however, that under the Clinton plan, moving from welfare to work will cost the taxpayers nearly $10 billion extra. That is, welfare reform will extract even more from the productive sector to redistribute to the unproductive. In other words, it's a con.

What about the two-year time limit on receiving cash welfare? It does nothing to force welfare clients to work for a living, although Clinton claims he will make people seek jobs in the private sector. But the minimum wage, payroll taxes, and mandated benefits will prevent that.

And if a person doesn't find a job in the private sector? Clinton says he can have a government job. Taxpayers will then provide a higher salary, bounteous health benefits, and a handsome pension for a makework "job." And where will these people work, if you'll excuse the verb? In the very welfare bureaucracies he proposes to reform.

But let's say, for the sake of conjecture, that Clinton really would stop payment on somebody's welfare check. Totally overlooked is his exemption for any mother with a child under the age of one. At first, this sounds like elementary human decency. But let's think about it from the female welfare recipient's point of view.

Before Clinton's reform, this woman could live off the taxpayers from cradle to grave. She received added benefits if she had a child and kept the father at arm's length. After Clinton's reform, she risks losing all her benefits *unless* she has a child less than one year old.

A loophole like this threatens to make the illegitimacy rate even worse. Every year, a welfare mother must have another child or risk having her benefits cut off. At least the present system doesn't insist on annualized offspring.

The real mystery surrounding the Clinton presidency is that people would accept anything it says at face value. On the trade front, for example, the administration preaches varieties of free trade doctrine. Meanwhile, it forces our best trading partners into managed trade deals that are bad for most traders and all taxpayers.

Only now are some businessmen realizing that Nafta had nothing to do with free exchange across North American borders. Those who expected to benefit are spending more time filling out forms than reinvesting profits. Customs officials have become more intrusive, not less.

Importers and exporters face the daunting task of doing business under whole new sets of rules, each more complicated than their previous informal operations. Included are qualifying rules, country of origin rules, environmental and regulatory harmonizing rules, and much more.

The rules have to be interpreted and enforced, in all countries. That may please large corporations with cozy government relations. But small and medium-sized business are, as usual, getting a poke in the eye with a sharp stick. "It's not a free trade agreement," the owner of a family-run import service told the *New York Times*, "it's a managed trade agreement. Or a preferred trade agree-

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ment."

Customs officials had to quadruple their number of telephones lines just to answer all the questions. Despondent businessmen have set their alarms for 3:00 am to try to get through.

Opponents of Nafta warned that it was the first step in a trade bloc. Producers like Mattel know this to be true. Before Nafta, their tariff for importing into the U.S. was zero. Now it ranges between 6.8% and 12%. That's because of a surprise change in the regional content laws. And longer inspection lines, imposed by Nafta, may seriously affect the fortunes of American meat exporters.

None of this was necessary. Tariffs were going down and private networks of trade were slowly and organically moving towards liberty. Now, with Nafta, government is in the driver's seat. And small businessmen are getting run over.

We should remember all this as we debate health care. Any plan that lets the government spend more money, or wield new power, must be opposed, whether it comes from Democrats, Republicans, or think tanks.

How many times must taxpayers and businessmen be tricked before we forbid the government from managing charity, trade, or anything else? ■

Any plan that lets the government spend more money, or wield new power, must be opposed.

Prices vs. Politics

by L.H.R., Jr.

An economic parable became a reality last month when a cold snap wiped out a third of Brazil's coffee crop. Coffee prices soared, just as the textbook account predicts. In this case, they were up 25% in one day, reaching a seven-year high. Coffee consumers already face higher prices, and will likely cut back on consumption. Meanwhile, unharmed Colombian producers cheered.

When the story is told as a parable, it is meant to illustrate something that is seemingly mundane, but actually miraculous, about an economic system that allows prices of goods and services to float without political interference. Thanks to the price system, supply and demand are always tending towards an efficient balance. Prices match the needs of consumers with limited resources available better than any alternative system.

The price system tells people whether to quaff or sip, based on their own subjective scale of values. When coffee gets more expensive, consumers can switch to substitutes like tea. Or they can forego other pleasures and stick to what they regard as a costly essential.

The rich cannot exploit the poor, because the rules apply equally to all potential consumers. And stockpiling coffee is unnecessary, because the price will neither be too low to cause all coffee to disappear, nor too high to cause it to sit idle on the shelves.

Best of all, consumers do not need to read the business pages, follow the weather in Latin America, or take an economics course. They need only look at the price tag. The process is so easy and so efficient that most people take the messages sent by prices for granted.

The workings of the price system do not happen automatically, of course. The heroes are the commodities traders in New York and Chicago, whose business it is to buy and sell coffee at present and future prices. Unlike the consuming public, they are intensely interested in weather patterns in Latin America and the world-wide demand for coffee. It is their job to anticipate events and to respond appropriately when

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the unexpected occurs.

These traders don't work alone; they cooperate and compete with others all over the world. Together, they assemble all the coffee-related information available, which no one person or firm could do. The result is a simple number that reflects nearly all of the relevant information. That number is the price.

Yet prices are not only useful for consumers. They are also essential for producers. Prices allow cost accounting, which give producers a means of telling whether an undertaking is worth their time (it makes a profit) or not (it makes a loss). When profits are much higher than the cost of production—as they will be for Colombia this year—other producers come into the market to capture the gains. Too many losses, and producers find something else to do.

Not all goods and services are distributed through a free-floating price system, of course. The U.S. mails are a government operation, with prices set by arbitrary edict. All the inefficiencies we associate with the mails are related to this single fact. For example, we do not know if 29 cents is too much or too little to send a letter. The post office managers can't tell either, because they cannot engage in market-based cost accounting.

So it is with the present health care system. Taxpayers subsidize much of its distribution. Many people receive services at below market prices or even zero price. That is why some segments of the population, especially those who qualify for Medicare and Medicaid, overconsume (to the producers' delight). This drives prices up so some cannot afford medical services at all. So far, no reform plan in Congress has dared confront this problem, which could be solved by letting the free market do the job.

In fact, every troublesome sector of the economy is governed more by politics than by prices. That goes for education, scientific research, space travel, housing, wages for the poor, and welfare provision. When prices are controlled, the result is always some sort of economic dislocation.

It is the absence of prices—and of the trade in private property, which generates accurate prices—that has destroyed one political system after another. From ancient Rome to modern Moscow, when politics replace prices, the result is economic chaos and eventual social collapse. And the more politics controls markets in this country, the further we travel down that same path.

Despite the extraordinary achievements of prices—not just in allocating coffee, but all resources—they still get a bad press. Brazil's cold snap, and Colombia's subsequent boon, led to the usual hue and cry about "gouging." And the media even lambasted food companies for "cashing in" on Brazil's trouble.

The cold spell in Brazil was a misfortune for some of that country's producers. But thanks to the price system, the damage was contained. Instead of cursing the grocery store, let's raise a steaming morning mug to the free price system. To prices—the workhorses of civilization. ■

Putting Race Over Economics

by L.H.R., Jr.

Brace yourself. Liberals in Congress have targeted another industry for government takeover. Housing and commercial insurance companies, they charge, don't provide enough coverage to enough people at low enough rates. The politicians want to fix that with legislation that will, naturally, raise premiums for the middle class.

Two bills are on the table. Massachusetts Democrat Joseph Kennedy's legislation would require insurance companies to disclose internal data from 150 metropolitan areas, separated into tiny census tracts. The figures will be turned over to HUD, so it can crack down on companies with racial or ethnic disparities.

The second and slightly less onerous bill is Illinois Democrat Cardiss Collins's. It would force companies to

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disclose information in 25 areas by zip code and leave enforcement to the Department of Commerce.

Problem: the "civil rights community" can't agree on which bill to support. La Raza endorses Mr. Kennedy's, but the NAACP supports Ms. Collins's. Insiders told the *Washington Post* that's because she's "an African American."

Such is the nature of debate on the "second generation" of civil rights. The question is never whether a whole industry ought to be put under the government's thumb, or what dire consequences will result, but how to do it. In this case, appropriately enough, the answer may turn on the sponsor's race.

Regardless of whose bill passes, the data will be used to lynch insurance companies. The inner city is simply less insurable than the suburbs. Theft and vandalism coverage, for example, costs more in high-crime areas, or may even not be available. But once again, economic logic is to be banned as "discrimination."

To prevent self-incrimination, the insurance industry should plead the Fifth. Whether Commerce or HUD gets its hands on these statistics, insurers will be reeling from lawsuits (the trial lawyers are salivating) and firms will be forced to use egalitarian pricing.

These Congressmen need a course in insurance economics. Everything is insurable at a price, but sometimes the price must be very high. Is that "unfair"? These companies exist to make a profit, not to provide welfare, and they make that profit by, for example, assessing the risks of fire, vandalism, and theft to a home, and then setting premiums in anticipation of bringing in more revenue than they pay out.

In doing this, insurance companies provide an important service for property owners anxious to prepare for the unexpected. And the more narrowly actuaries can define risk, the lower the premiums. But if the government decides what constitutes risk, it wrecks the principle of insurance, and puts the companies on a financially shaky footing.

The Collins or Kennedy bill would force companies into an irrational scheme called community rating. No longer will they be able to charge different premiums for different risks.

Several consequences will follow. First, people living in volatile areas will benefit at the expense of those in settled communities. Blindsided homeowners won't know what hit them, and they'll blame the industry instead of the real culprits in Congress.

Second, community rating will force small and medium-sized insurers to cut back on their benefits, fire employees, or go out of business. These companies operate on tight profit margins. Force them to insure houses and businesses—in areas swarming with drug gangs—at below-market rates, and you endanger their existence.

Third, community rating will change the incentive structure for businesses and homeowners in high-crime areas. Presently, the main source of protection is self insurance. This can take the form of private security guards, alarm systems, and cash accounts for emergencies. But if insurers provide low premiums and high payments, the incentive for self-insurance falls. The costs will be shifted from those who ought to bear them to those who ought not to.

The insurance industry should study what happened to the banking industry when it went along with a 1989 bill requiring banks to provide racial data on their mortgage and business loans. The Justice Department and Federal Reserve began an unprecedented shake-down racket against them.

Over time, banks have been forced to adopt de facto lending quotas, and even that is sometimes not enough. Left-wing "community activists" hold banks hostage anytime a merger or acquisition is in the works, and have extracted billions in lending commitments merely by calling banks "racist." The resulting racial set-asides are doled out regardless of credit rating, assets, marital status, job history, or other predictors of repayment.

Middle-class taxpayers will be forced to pick up the tab for these unwise disburse-

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ments, just as middle-class homeowners will pay for quotas in the home insurance industry. Race-based policies may not be as visibly confiscatory as taxation, but they are just as costly to the economy. And they undermine traditional standards of merit as well. ■

P.C. Watch

by L.H.R., Jr.

Race and O.J.

Commentators keep referring, shamefacedly or angrily, to the race angle of the O.J. Simpson case. Well, let's consider it.

As a youth, Simpson was a gang leader in the housing projects of San Francisco. That means he murdered, raped, and robbed, and led others in doing so. Some "hero." But because he could run and leap, he got a super-scholarship at USC, and, I'm told, affirmative-action grading too.

We're told that he was a victim of racism. Yet Simpson was made a tv and movie star, although he can't act, in part because he was black.

And if Simpson had been white, the police would have driven in front of him, stepped on the brakes, and stopped his Bronco by force. Then they would have drawn their guns and ordered him out. But the black LAPD chief ordered that kid gloves be used because Simpson was black.

Simpson regularly beat his first wife, then left her while she was pregnant with his third child for Nicole Brown, an 18-year-old he met in a bar. His third child, by the way, was drowned under very mysterious circumstances that were no more investigated than Simpson's wife-beating. Even when he was arrested for a particularly horrific beating, and admitted doing it, the media suppressed the story.

The famous *Time* cover was supposed to be racist because it darkened Simpson to his actual color, rather than leaving him bleached out by police flash. But if we are going to consider color, how about the fact that in his days as a football star, Simpson was much darker? He lightened when be became a tv and movie star, but has darkened again in jail. Did he copy Michael Jackson?

The famous *Time* cover was supposed to be racist because it darkened Simpson to his actual color.

We're told that the level of media attention is a sign of racism. But black-on-white crime, the interracial norm, is virtually always suppressed. A black-on-white crime, to be covered, has to be of interest to the chattering classes, like the Central Park wilding.

Therefore, the liberal press has a guilty conscience for reporting this murder. They make up for it by weepy reports on the size of Simpson's cell and his lonely birthday celebration. Poor baby!

Imagine if a famous white actor/sports star had brutally slashed to death his ex-wife and her friend (Goldman was gay) with a 15-inch knife. Would it be covered to this extent? Of course. But if a white man had killed his black ex-wife and her black friend, we would be hearing nothing else until the end of the century, complete with daily sermonettes on how it typifies the white man.

And if whites had jumped, danced, waved, and cheered a white murderer of blacks, as blacks did Simpson during his chase and afterwards, it would be taught in school. Instead, Peter Jennings apologized for not being able to delete non-P.C. scenes because they were live.

Does all this, as we're told, play into the "stereotype" of black males as violent? When did stereotype come to mean a falsehood? Black males *are* the most violent segment in society, by a country mile. They are also much more

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likely to be wife and child beaters than Asians, whites, or Latinos.

But Simpson will never serve a day in jail as punishment, let alone be executed. It is not possible to convict a famous black, especially one beloved of Hollywood, for murdering white people.

The Gay York Times

More than a third of *New York Times* reporters are reputed to be gay, but do we really have to put up with *page one* news stories that open like this?

"In a time when...many people shrouded their lifestyles with lies, Dario Modon wore it like velvet. It was the summer of 1969, when transvestites in four-inch heels shared an underworld with men in wingtips.... Mr. Modon was a stunning 27-year-old crossdresser with fire-engine red fingernails and a raven wig. He came to the Village bars to sway to Marvin Gaye, break a few hearts, and forget the smirks, stares, and meanness of the world outside." (*NYT*, 6/23/94)

House Him in Engler's Mansion

Two Michigan governors have refused to extradite a black murderer, Phillip Chance, to Alabama. Instead, they allowed him to go free, even though Chance admitted stabbing an 81-year-old storeowner to death with a screwdriver during a robbery. Chance claims he was "not treated fairly as a black youth in the South."

Those two governors were liberal Democrats. Continuing their tradition by giving Chance "sanctuary" is Republican neocon John Engler, even though Chance has admitted filing false police reports of a Detroit carjacking to collect the insurance, and shaking down Asian and Arab grocery store owners for payoffs. Otherwise, he warned, he would mobilize black picketers to charge racism.

Chance sold his "stolen" car to pay a crack debt. "We never vouched for his character," says Engler's press secretary. Thanks a lot. But extradite him to Alabama? Never. (*Birmingham News*, 6/25/94) ■

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